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The price of platinum has advanced fully 100 per cent., owing to its increased use for electrical purposes.

The cheapest railway fare in the world will be that on the Central London Railroad, on which there will be three workmen's trains daily, the fare for six miles being but two cents.

It appears that the Wyoming Legislature, which recently imposed a tax of \$2 on bachelors, was elected by woman's suffrage. "This is significant," observes the *New York Commercial Advertiser*.

A cycling corps has been added to the equipment of the Salvation Army, announces the *New York Commercial Advertiser*. Fifty young men have been recruited to volunteer to travel for three years on wheels.

The tunnel that will connect Butler Valley, Penn., with the bottom of the mammoth Ebervale vein will be, thinks the *New York Times*, one of the greatest engineering feats of the century. It will open an almost inexhaustible supply of coal, and will serve as a drain for all the colliers in that vicinity.

A good illustration of the expansion of the world's trade during the last thirty years is afforded by the production of petroleum in the United States. In 1859, 84,000 gallons were produced in the Pennsylvania and New York oil fields, and in 1890, 639,029,956 gallons were exported from the various States which now produce the oil.

A new kind of stamps will soon be introduced in the postal telegraph service of Russia with a view to securing the inviolability of the privacy of letters. The new stamp is printed on very thin paper, and cannot be used again if it is once put upon a letter. When used wet and taken off the envelope it leaves an indelible impression upon the spot where it was attached, so that if a new stamp is put upon the same spot the impression of the first stamp can be seen through it.

So great is the demand for silver dimes, that they are turned out now at the rate of 100,000 a day. No less than \$3,176,477 in silver dimes have been struck off in the past three years. For this purpose, states the *Detroit Free Press*, all the uncurrent silver coin is being reworked, notably the silver half-dollar, which is a clumsy pocket-piece and very unpopular. The novelty banks which the dime savings institutions are sending out is supposed to be answerable for the sudden demand. The three mints of Philadelphia, New Orleans and San Francisco are kept busy supplying the wants of the people in this line.

There is no doubt, states the *Detroit Free Press*, that the world's fair will be somewhat influenced by European politics. With Germany and England in close friendship and Russia allied with France to offset the power of the dreibund, there is very sensitive and jealous feeling in all quarters, and our commissioners will need to use infinite tact in order to bring all these countries to the point of making generous exhibitions at Chicago. Of England we are certain, and probably of Germany; but France seems coy, and it is not unlikely that Russia will need a degree of persuasion to induce her to do justice either to herself or to the fair.

John Lickenheim, of Riley County, Kansas, who was a scout and fought in Kansas as early as 1855, and built the first log cabin in Riley County, when in Kansas City, Mo., a few days ago, gave in his reminiscences, some idea of the rapidity with which that city has replaced nature. "I never thought," he said, "such things could be possible on the ground I used to camp on. When I was here last, some twenty-five years ago, this was all unbroken sod about here. Why, I used to camp a few years before that down in the hollow in the center of the city, and I have watered my horse lots of times at a spring on Troost avenue. Dozens of times I have fought the Indians or the forces of General Price along Kansas City's river front. On one occasion Price with his 40,000 men threatened to drive us blue-coats into the Missouri and the Kaw at this point, but we were reinforced and he had to beat a retreat. In 1860 the old Missouri had its arms spread all over the ground where the Union Depot now stands, and I used to fish down there."

## DO RIGHT.

Do right!  
And let the fools laugh on.  
To-day they're here—to-morrow gone;  
While they with folded arms survey,  
Tread duty's path and clear the way,  
Be brave; though long and dark the night,  
Morn' always brings the glorious light;  
Look up, and fair ambitions flame  
Shall light you on to wealth and fame.  
Fight on; the world shall know your name.  
Do right!

Do right!  
And bear proud folly's scorn,  
Their night shall be your waking morn  
When laurels crown you; such as they  
Will feel the touch of cold decay.  
When grateful thousands bless  
They'll feel cold want and sore distress  
So battle bravely; fight to win!  
Fear not the strife; heed not the din;  
Bear well the cross the crown to win;  
Do right!

—B. J. McDermott, in *New York News*.

## A CHIP.

Jo Taliaferro's father was poor, his father had been poor before him, and his grandfather back of him again. It was in his great-grandfather's days, and through his great-grandfather's hands, that the money had slipped away from the family. Since then no one had had the energy to replace it.

"It was too much trouble," said the Taliaferros, who pronounced their name "Tollyver."

Jo's father did make a half-hearted effort. He wandered from his home in Alabama up North somehow, and ran away with old Snyder B. Simes's daughter and only child. Snyder B. Simes, lumber merchant, was a Maine man who had made his pile himself and meant to keep it. He burned his daughter's letters unopened and made a new will.

"If my money's to be spent in riotous living, I mean to spend it myself," he said, buttoning up his pockets.

Mrs. Taliaferro burst into tears when she first saw her new Southern home; then she got up and put on an apron and began to clean the house. This she continued to do until the day of her death. She never learned to adjust herself to her surroundings, nor that it is sometimes a good woman's duty to ignore dirt. She washed and scrubbed and cleaned, and was finally swept out of this world on a sea of soap-suds—another martyr to the great god of cleanliness.

She left one little boy behind her, named Jo, to the care—or, more properly speaking, to the neglect—of his father.

"Do you see that man?" said the superintendent of the great Brookville glass works, which Northern capital had lately planted in Brookville County, Alabama, "do you see that man?"—he was pointing out Jo's father. "Well you will never see him doing any more than he is now. Nobody ever saw him work. He eats, drinks, clothes himself, has a roof over his head, and not a cent in his pocket. Now, how does he do it? And there are a dozen like him about here. I tell you, the mysteries of Paris are nothing to the mysteries of Brookville."

And as we never permit our minds to dwell on a subject without hearing from it again within twenty-four hours, that same day the superintendent received a letter from Jo.

The spelling was dubious and the handwriting shaky, but there was nothing dubious or shaky in the spirit of the composition.

"Mister Superintendent: I wud like a Plac in yor employ. Jo TOLLY."  
"P. S.—Taliaferro is to long and quar."

The superintendent laughed as he tossed this evident result of anxious labor in the scrap basket. The next week he received a fac-simile of that letter minus the postscript, to which he accorded a similar treatment, but when he saw those same straggling characters on an envelope in his mail the third week he opened it with an amused curiosity.

"Mister Superintendent: I wrot you 2 Letters and hav no anser. I wud like to be in yor employ but I kant wait I mus git a job. Please sir anser and oblig. Jo TOLLY."

The superintendent's hand with the paper in it hovered over the scrap basket. Then he drew it back. At his call a weak kneed young man came in from the outer office.

"Have you room for another boy out there?" the superintendent asked. "You have. Well, then, write to this applicant and tell him he may come on trial."

For the first few weeks Jo Tolly was like a new born puppy out in the world with his eyes shut.

"You must look about you, Tolly," said the head clerk. "Now, I started out with no money, no education, no backing, and here I am, all by keeping my eyes peeled."

The clerk with the weak knees struck in:

land; they bought from the company store, and lived under laws of their directors' making.

But there was a Naboth's vineyard in the centre of the settlement. The trouble was that old Colonel Jay respected his ancestors, and refused to listen to any proposition regarding their sale; for the "vineyard" was a family burying-ground this time.

The superintendent vainly represented to him that the bones should be carefully removed.

"They are earth to earth by this time, sir," said Colonel Jay, with stateliness, "When I sell that ground, sir, I sell them. So you will not mention it again, if you please, sir."

After that, the superintendent, who expected a pistol in every Alabama pocket, did not care to open the subject again.

"Ain't you ever goin' to sell, Colonel Jay?" asked Jo.

He had paddled across the creek which separated the glass works from the old man's house, and was sitting on his porch with him in the twilight.

"No, sir. Nor I ain't ever going to accommodate again, neither. I told those Dixes they might bury their little baby there, and what did they do? Laid it right on great-grandma Liza. I went and told them they'd got to take that baby off. But it wasn't pleasant. I won't accommodate again."

"And you ain't ever goin' to sell, Colonel Jay?"

"Look here, Jo," said the colonel, testily, "how old are you? Eighteen years. Well, I guess you remember me as soon as you remember anything. Did you ever know me to change my mind? That ground ain't ever-to-be-disturbed!"

Joe turned his full blue eyes on the colonel.

"How about when you die, Colonel Jay?" he asked in his most deliberate speech.

The colonel was staggered and showed it.

"If I were you," Jo went on, now looking over the water, "I'd fix that while I was able. There's a whole acre there, and there ain't but one end of it in graves. I'd sell it all under a deed that would make the man who bought it keep the grave end nice and clean, and the grass cut—and perhaps flowers."

Colonel Jay rose from his chair.

"Boy," he cried, "you're right! Why didn't I think of that?"

Then his face fell suddenly.

"But who'd be fool enough to buy?"

"I would," answered Jo, stolidly; and if I don't pay you a hundred dollars for it in a year's time, you can take the ground back and all the improvements on it."

What the improvement meant, the whole works soon knew.

"Jo Tolly's store" was the talk of the place. It was little more than a shanty, but the laborers soon learned that the shanty had goods of better quality and lower prices on its shelves than the company's handsome storehouse had on theirs.

"It ain't very pretty outside, but I tried to have it good in," said Jo, modestly, looking at the well-stocked walls. "I spent all my money there."

The money referred to was a small sum which he had gotten by auctioning off the worn-off roof which covered him, and the bit of land on which he stood. The rest of the tract had been sold almost to the very door step long before.

There had been no one to interfere in his reinvestment, his father having performed the first graceful act in his worthless life by stepping out of it at this opportune time.

"Don't spend it all in shoestrings and rock candy, Tolly," the superintendent had said. "Put it in bank and try to keep adding to your bank-book. That's the way."

"Yes, sir," said Jo, submissively; but at the same time it was not his way, nor did he follow it.

At first the Tolly store was only open at night, and Jo waited on the customers after hours, but as the business grew a small boy kept store by day and was assistant to the proprietor at night.

"I shouldn't think you'd dare, Jo; I shouldn't, indeed," said the weak-kneed clerk, who came to inspect his enterprise by stealth and after nightfall. "Why, I wouldn't even like the chief to see me come in here. And how can you sleep right next to those graves?"

"I like them," said Jo, showing the first sign of interest. "I'm getting real fond of them. I like Aunt Liza, and I feel like I knew Aunt Jane."

"Dear friends, repent; no more delay, For death will come to take no may; Be always ready, night and day, I suddenly was snatched away."

I feel just like she was saying it to me every time I read it."

"Tolly," he said, carelessly, "how much do you hold your land at?"

"What do you think it's worth sir," inquired Jo, respectfully.

"Not much."

"I've got my store built and paid for out of it," Jo went on, as though calculating aloud. "I've paid for my land, the business is growing, and—"

"You take a week to think it over in," said the superintendent, hastily.

On that day week Jo entered the superintendent's office and stood before his desk.

"Well, Tolly," said the superintendent, "what is it?"

"It's ten thousand dollars," said Jo. When the superintendent had a little recovered he knew that he was a very angry man, and at the same time that it behooved him to walk carefully.

"The directors couldn't consider such a price," he said. "It wouldn't be worth it to them."

"No, sir," said Jo, meekly. "I know it ain't worth much to anybody but me."

Then it was that the superintendent gave Jo very clearly to understand that he considered him infringing on the rights of the company in whose service he was.

The boy looked so puzzled that he melted somewhat.

"You don't understand me."

"No, sir," said Jo. "I thought I owned the land."

"So you do," said the superintendent, reassuringly, feeling now on sure ground; "but not for all purposes."

"I thought I could put a saloon on it if I wanted to," said Jo, in a depressed voice.

The superintendent's hair almost stood on end.

A grog-shop in the midst of his works? He could hardly conceal his dismay.

"Tolly," he said sternly, "you must choose between the office and your shop. No man can serve two masters."

"Yes, sir. You are very kind, sir," said Jo, looking gratefully at him. "I was thinking my clerk wasn't doing as well as he might if I had my eye more on him."

"And I assure you, gentlemen," said the superintendent, reporting to the board of directors, "when that boy left my office I did not whether it was as a fool or as having made a fool of me."

"Call the lad in," suggested one of the directors. "Let us see if we can make anything of him."

Jo came in at once on being summoned. He did not even tarry to take off the apron which he wore in his shop, or to brush the flour from his coat.

These adjuncts helped to heighten the ruddy innocence of his appearance as he entered. He faced the curious eyes of the waiting board with a disarming guilelessness.

"Did you want me, sir," he asked of the superintendent, and the slow motion of his lips was almost foolish.

But had those lips only been formed to say "ten thousand" they could not have repeated it more persistently when the question of barter was opened. His slow-moving blue eyes looked with open, childish appeal into the assembled faces.

"I do think it's worth that to me, sir, don't you?" he asked of the most urgent speaker; and that gentleman suddenly collapsed.

There was one director who took no part in the controversy. He sat in his chair rubbing his hands together and watching the scene from his keen, deep-set eyes. Every now and then his spare frame was shaken with silent laughter.

As the door closed on Jo's retreating figure he gave way to spasms of alternate laughter and coughing.

"Oh, dear, dear!" he chuckled, wiping his eyes, "to have that fool look on the outside of his head and all that horse sense on the inside!"

"Then, sir, you think him playing a game, do you?" asked the superintendent.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A Troy (N. Y.) electric car cost \$10,000.

Water power runs the Dover (N. H.) electric plant.

Harvard College is having constructed the largest and finest photographic telescope in the world.

The electric light plant at the palace of Vienna is to be extended so as to make a total of 4000 incandescent lamps.

A resident of Ewart, Mich., has invented a device whereby brakes applied to a locomotive will operate every brake on the train.

A new Swedish glass is claimed to have important advantages for microscope and other fine lenses, giving greatly increased power.

A chair propelled by electricity from a storage battery placed beneath the seat is the latest luxury for the invalid. One charging will last for fifty miles of travel.

The telephone between Paris and London having been so successful it is proposed to connect Brussels and London. For that purpose a cable will be laid between Ostend and Dover.

A Frenchman has invented an improved method of telegraphing so that it is practicable to transmit 150 words per minute on a single wire. The message when delivered from the machine is typewritten.

Artificial grindstones, which outwear by years any natural stone known, are made of a mixture of pulverized quartz, powdered flint, powdered emery or corundum and rubber dissolved by a suitable solvent.

Owing to the rapid destruction of the pinions, the running of armatures at 1000 or more revolutions per minute is being done away with. Slow speed motors, with a normal speed of 400, are now considered the best practice.

The longest shaft in the world in one piece, or in any number of pieces, is in the Washington Navy Yard, Washington, District of Columbia. It is 3 1/2 inches square, 460 feet long, and transmits power to traveling cranes. It runs at 160 revolutions per minute.

It has been estimated that one ton of coal gives enough ammonia to furnish about thirty pounds of crude sulphate, the present value of which is about \$12 per ton, and there being 10,000,000 tons of coal annually distilled for gas, no less than 133,929 tons of sulphate, of the money value of \$1,607,148, are produced.

The question why a piece of solid iron floats on molten iron has been satisfactorily answered by Dr. Anderson and Mr. Wrightson. The cold metal is really heavier than the molten, and when first placed in the latter it sinks by virtue of its weight; but growing warmer it expands, and thereby becoming specifically lighter it rises to the surface. After a time, however, it again shrinks and melts into the fluid mass around it.

Some of the most prominent iron founders are introducing a new and simple practice in order to secure stronger castings, the method in question consisting in placing thin sheets of wrought iron in the center of the mold previous to the operation of casting. This method was first resorted to, it appears, in the casting of thin plates for the ovens of cooking stoves, it being found that a sheet of thin iron in the center of a quarter-inch oven plate rendered it practically unbreakable by fire.

## History of Lighthouses.

The history of the lighthouse goes back to the time when your neighbors didn't fling things into your back yard. It is claimed that Virgil had knowledge of a lighthouse, and that he stated that one was placed on a tower of the temple of Apollo, on Mount Leucas, the light of which, visible far out at sea, warned and guided mariners. It is even said that the colossus of Rhodes, erected 300 years before the birth of Christ, showed from his uplifted hand a signal light. But the famous Pharos of Alexandria, built 282 B. C., is the first light of undoubted record. Other lights were shown from towers at Ostia, Ravenna, Apamea, but the lighthouse at Corunna, Spain, is believed to be the oldest sea tower. This was built in the reign of Trojan, and in 1634 was reconstructed. England and France have towers built by their Roman conquerors, which were used as light-houses, and they are to-day marvels in the art of masonry.—*Chicago Herald*.

## Preserving Iron From Rust.

The beautiful ironwork so much in vogue nowadays, is generally finished on account of its susceptibility to rust, with a coating of black lacquer, or some other preparation, which is not only inappropriate but gives to the metal an unnatural appearance. A clever Frenchman, who was an expert in metal work, showed us such a simple and effective way of preserving it from rust, that it is worth remembering. The only material required is a cow's horn (the toy trumpets sold in the shops will answer the purpose). Heat the iron and rub the edge of the horn over it—that is all. If the horn smokes a little as you rub it or you will know that the iron is hot enough. This will cause the horn to melt, and an imperceptible coating will be left upon the iron that will afford complete protection from the damp for a year or more on out-door work. On indoor ironwork it will last indefinitely.—*New York Tribune*.

## THE GOLDEN-ROD.

There's gold in the miser's chest  
Fast locked with a golden key;  
And a gold most rare in a woman's hair  
And gold in the sands at sea:  
There's a tawny gold on the wheat's little length

Where it's breezy-tossed billows nod,  
But never a gold so full and free,  
Ah, me—  
None, none like the golden-rod.

There's gold on the maple's branch  
That gleams on an autumn leaf,  
And a golden crown when the sun dies down

While the shadows turn and flee;  
There's a wealth of gold in the pointed leaves  
Where the willow strews the sod,  
But no such feathery flagree,  
Ah, me—  
None, none like the golden-rod.

There's gold in the dawn's faint streaks  
That glint on the poplar tree,  
There's gold in the mine, and in lees of wine,  
And gold on the humble-bee.

But by the plumes of its knightly crest,  
Where the wild wind rides rough-shod,  
There is never a gold so fair to see,  
Ah, me—  
None, none like the golden-rod.

—Ernest McGaffey, in *Arkansas Traveler*.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A work of art—Selling a picture.—  
Puck.  
If life really were a poem, it is doubtful if any one would be averse to it.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Belle—"This mirror is simply perfect." Bess—"Ah, I see. It flatters you."—*Yankee Blade*.

The spoon craze pervades the watering places. It takes only two to make a full set.—*Boston Herald*.

When a firm winds up its business it is only reasonable to suppose that it has been running down.—*Detroit Tribune*.

Quericus—"What is Mrs. Moneybags's position in society?" Gynicus—"Why, it's capital."—*Washington Star*.

Ever since Rebecca went to the well watering-places have been great resorts for ladies with matrimonial aspirations.—*Chicago News*.

There is no affliction without its compensating benefit. The deaf mute is a stranger to the trials of the telephone.—*Boston Transcript*.

A distinctive feature of this season's hats for the ladies is an exceptionally low crown. Not so the price. It is as high as ever.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Theatre manager (to departing spectator)—"Beg pardon, sir, but there are two more acts." "Yes, I know it. That's why I'm going."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"The Eastern sages believe that there is a sign on each man's forehead that the angels may read," he whispered softly. "What is yours?" she answered. "To let?"—*New York Herald*.

Philanthropist—"You say your brother treated you with marked disrespect? In what way?" Tramp (wiping his eyes)—"Went to work in my presence."—*New York Herald*.

At supper the other evening Feblewitt rather brusquely bade the table girl give him some sauce. He got what he asked for, but, somehow, did not seem to relish it.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"I say, waiter," exclaimed an impatient customer, "I've been here a full hour!" "I've been here since seven this morning," answered the waiter. "Tiresome, ain't it?"—*Philadelphia Record*.

The Maiden—"I hope you noticed, Mr. Rimer, that it was your book that I brought out here to read." Mr. Rimer—"Yes, I also noticed that you fell fast asleep over it."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

"We have no use for bear stories," said the editor. "Our readers demand something spicy." "Well," said the man with the manuscript, "this story is about a cinnamon bear."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"You couldn't get steaks as rare as you liked them at your late boarding house, eh?" "Well, the old boarder to the new." "Well, it'll be rare enough you'll get them here, let me tell you!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the world the other day as she wiped the perspiration off the North American Continent with a point lace cloud. "Did any one ever have so much trouble with a sun before?"—*Life*.

One occasionally reads of the discovery of the petrified remains of human beings. Is this to be taken as indicating that there may have been those in days of yore who succeeded in making themselves solid?—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Jefferson avenue young man who has money enough to do the summer resorts and conscience enough to flirt with every girl he meets, went into a Woodward avenue jewelry store last week where he knew one of the clerks. "I want three rings, lady's size," he said. "Ah," smiled the clerk, cunningly, "going to have a circus, are you?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

"How are you getting on with the piano?" asked Alphonso of his best beloved Matilda. "Oh, very well; I can see the great progress in my work."

"How is that?" "Well, the family that lived next door moved away within a week after I began to practice. The next people stayed a month, the next ten weeks and the family there now have remained nearly six months."—*Yankee Blade*.